

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Haunt of Vice ?

# This is really THE ORIGINAL DIRTY DICK

ECCENTRICS No. 6



### "STOP THIS VICE PARADE IN LONDON."

Like outraged Sunday School mistresses, busybodies have been screaming about allegedly blatant, brothel-like scenes in London's West End.

I agree, this disgusting state of affairs should be changed. But in stamping out this filth, authorities should preserve and not take away other privileges and pastimes of troops on leave.

They know how hard some guys are living in this world, so why do they want to deny them the fun of letting off steam now and again? They say that is where Venereal Disease is spread. True, it is, but there are other methods of catching those filthy, unfortunate women, who, after all, caught it from men.

Anyway, the proposed curfew for troops leaves me cold. If it came about, presumably we would sing, "London Will Be Free Again"?

Anyway, if a man wants a woman badly enough he will have one. If he doesn't have an already spoiled prostitute, he will get an innocent little shop girl or nursemaid. So why not leave London alone? If a man doesn't want to go to Piccadilly he doesn't have to.

AN interesting bulletin, issued by a Scottish company, tells of five casualties. They joined the Royal Navy in September, 1939. The fifth was lost recently.

The first to go, "Mercury," was sunk whilst minesweeping off the Irish coast on Christmas Day, 1940. "Juno" (renamed H.M.S. "Helvellyn") was sunk in the Thames during the raids on London. "Marmion" went down off Harwich. "Kylmore" and "Waverly" were sunk during the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France. These five paddle steamers will be missed mostly by the thousands of Clyde holiday-makers who each year travelled in them to Scottish resorts.

Other "paddlers" are said to be giving a good account of themselves.

LATEST effort of Hitler's "Kultur" experts is the banning of jazz in the province of Sachsen. Stating that all forms of "this degenerate music of American origin" were absolutely forbidden, the order went on: "Any defaulter will be

## I get around

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

dealt with severely, and all musical instruments will be confiscated."

Do you suppose that will mean that all the post-war German brass bands to tour London streets will play classics, rather than the light music which followed the last war?

ALMOST unnoticed in the London Press was the passing of Herbert Leo Price, forty-eight-year-old headmaster of Bishop's Stortford College.

A Triple Blue of Oxford and a Rugby and hockey international, he also played cricket for the Harlequins and his University.

The most noteworthy achievement in his sporting life was when on successive Saturdays he played in two internationals for England, the first was hockey and the second Rugby.

TOM and Bob Goldsmith, farm labourers, work from nine a.m. until five-thirty in the evening. Not bad hours for farmers, labourers at that. Come to think of it, I am rather envious, though when (and I suppose I should) I take into consideration that Tom and Bob have, between them, one hundred and forty years' service on that farm, I think perhaps my envy is unjustified.

Tom, the big brother, is eighty-one, and, excepting his first ten years, his entire life has been spent on Westley Farm, in Hertfordshire. His kid brother Robert is only seventy-nine, but he has already had sixty-nine years at this job.

"We shall probably think about giving up for a bit after the war," they told me.

FROM his Parish Magazine, I take the words of the Rev. Basil Matthews, Vicar of St. Laurence, Catford:—

"What I feel is a real evil is the treating system. Anyone coming into the bar with a priest's collar is liable to be asked at once to have a drink. Complete strangers make the offer. So I find that if I want to have half a pint, nearly always someone else provides it. He should grumble!"

## HOW TO BE MOWED BY A LAWN

"YES... I KNOW the lawn's like an African jungle... but I've stood all the way in the Underground... thanks to blasted chivalry... I've had a comfortable dinner, and now I'm going to enjoy the luxury of a cigarette in peace... that is, of course, if you, my dear dumb wench, will spend just a little more time in silent thought, and less in thoughtless gossip."

"I know the lawn's like a jungle... at least what you think a jungle is like after Sam Goldwyn has a crack at it... I only LIVED in one for three years in the last packet... so I know what the lawn IS like... but I'll cut the darned thing... The lawn-mower will at least work silently—we hope."

Whrrr... whrrr... whrrr... STOP... whrrr... whrrr... whrrr... whrrr stop, whrrr stop... push... stop... S-T-O-P... BLAST.

"Oh, nothing... just gone on strike... Just give me a hand... the blades are choked... BING!!!... only my fingers trapped... Yea God... my right hand... the one I earn the money to keep you and your mother with... that's all."

"I know it wasn't YOUR fault, but you weren't swinging a propeller... or were you? Get the Witch Hazel quick... take the sting out... can't find

it... how do I know... you had it last."

Mother-in-law casually strolls into the garden.

"Hello Al... busy I see... cutting the lawn, eh?"

"NO, grandma... digging for Victory... digging for VICTORY... DIGGING FOR VICTORY."

"Then what are you dancing around for?... Is the war over?... I do hope it is."

"No grandma... the war is NOT over... I am NOT having a drunken celebration... I am merely writhing in agony WRITHING IN AGONY. I'M CUT TO THE BONE."

"You're going to 'phone'?"

"NO, grandma, I'm CUT TO THE BONE, and your daughter, who happens to be my wife, is looking for the Witch Hazel."

"Ah, that's good."

"What is, grandma?"

"She's gone to 'phone Mabel... about time, too... poor girl must be nearly distracted... can never understand why Trudie keeps her so long... and Mabel was the best of the family... always kind and thoughtful, she was... I always liked Mabel... much nicer than any of the others, she was... and two lovely children, too... No... not nicer than yours... but they ARE lovely children and so well behaved."

Every London pub. called "Dirty Dick's" owes its name to Nathaniel Bentley.

In the course of time hardly a window had not been broken or cracked, and the front of the house presented an amazing assortment of tin-ware where windows had once been.

His shop was in such a muddle that even he never quite knew what he had got. Gold ear-rings and other jewellery lay buried under other goods all over the shop, and the dust and grime of years lay over them all.

Once, when the traveller of a big manufacturing firm called to ask for payment for a consignment of goods, Dirty Dick declared he had never seen them. After searching for hours in the depths of the establishment, the traveller found the bale containing the goods supplied some two years before—unopened.

There was a rumour in the neighbourhood of Leadenhall-street that Dirty Dick was a Bluebeard, and had a chamber in the house which was never opened. Stories of women who went to the house and were never seen again circulated amongst the gossips.

### LOVE TRAGEDY.

Part of the tale was true. There was one room in the place which was always locked. It held the remembrances of a tragedy in the life of Dirty Dick.

He became engaged to a young girl, and on the eve of their marriage invited some of her relations to a dinner, which he had prepared in the room. Anxiously he awaited the coming of his bride. But at the last moment a messenger came, instead, to tell him she had died suddenly.

From that time the room was never used. The door was kept locked.

Dirty Dick never kept a servant, asserting that servants were robbers. He never kept a cat. "How can rats or mice live in the place when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?" he said.

When, after many years at Leadenhall-street, Dirty Dick

had to give up his lease, the landlord, who had always been refused permission to enter the premises, made a tour of the house and shop.

He found pictures and looking-glasses on the walls of the living-rooms so encrusted with dirt that they could only be distinguished from the walls at close quarters. A study was the breeding place of countless spiders. In a bedroom was an old coat lying on the floor—the mattress used by Dirty Dick when he lay down to sleep.

The carpet on the dining-room floor was so thick with dirt that it could not be seen against the wooden flooring, except where one corner was turned up.

Cupboards were crammed with dirty, discarded clothes, old bottles and battered or broken odds and ends—all covered with dust and cobwebs.

### RICHES AMID DIRT.

In spite of this scene of desolation and dirt, Dirty Dick was a wealthy man. When the landlord insisted on his putting the premises into repair, he paid out a large sum to cover the job without arguing.

But he showed his eccentricity by refusing to allow the workmen who were to repair and clean out the place to pass through his shop, which he occupied until the repairs were finished. They had to descend into a cellar through a ground floor window, and from thence make their way upstairs, or climb ladders to windows in the upper storeys.

When he left the shop he took shop-soiled goods worth £10,000 with him.

For a time he lived in retirement in Shoreditch. But time was heavy on his hands. To lighten it, he became friendly with a woman of loose character, who repaid him by robbing him of a large sum of money.

After that he went on a tour of Britain, more as a tramp than a traveller. It was while on an excursion in Scotland that he was taken ill. He died at a roadside inn, and left only £400—he who had once been worth many thousands.

"Oh, I see... NOW I understand... Witch Hazel... but that isn't good for bites, is it? Now what you want is oil... Lavender Oil or something like that... Don't tell me you have been bitten... Last Summer I was in an awful state... doctor said it was my blood... what do doctors know? Wish I'd never gone to see him... and charged me 7/6, too... robbery I call it... Yes... you want Lavender Oil... I'll just go and get it."

At this moment Trudie dashes into the garden.

"Mother... where on earth's the Witch Hazel... WITCH HAZEL... Al has smashed his hand, almost... Witch Hazel... WITCH HAZEL... WHERE IS IT?"

"Oh, Witch Hazel... Now wasn't it stupid of me... I FORGOT TO GET IT THIS MORNING, AND I USED THE LAST DROP LAST NIGHT WHEN THOSE HORRID GNATS STUNG ME."





## Periscope Page

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SPITFIRE, but not in FLAK.  
My second's in U-BOAT, but not in PACK.  
My third is in CRUISE, though not in PORT.  
My fourth is in FLYING, but not in FORT.  
My fifth's in DESTROYER, but not in SUB.  
My sixth's in TEA-SHOP, but not in PUB.

(Solution on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is a wallaby?
2. Who wrote (a) "Headlong Hall," (b) "Heartbreak House"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Merci, S'il vous plait, Vice versa, Taisez-vous, Toute suite?
4. What is a tomalley?
5. What and where is Chimborazo?
6. What is a merrythought?
7. What is meant by terri-genous?
8. How many chemical elements are there?
9. Gas mantles are made of—cotton, wool, linen, sisal Chinese grass, hemp, manilla?
10. In what Sign of the Zodiac does the sun shine in March?
11. What was the date of the Gunpowder Plot?
12. Who was Heavy-weight Champion in 1909?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 110

1. A small South African antelope.
2. Robert Browning wrote both.
3. Lift; the others are Americanisms.
4. Earwig.
5. 1642, by Abel Janszoon Tasman.
6. Diogenes.
7. (a) A tambourine, (b) a two-wheeled cart.
8. Ashes of burnt seaweed, used as fertiliser.
9. Play-acting.
10. 272½ square feet.
11. 30 B.C.
12. Lord Macaulay.

Speak low if you speak love.  
Shakespeare (Much Ado About Nothing).

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



You weird pet experts have your chance. This is a Gecko Lizard, Tuatera Lizard, Komodo Lizard, Lesuers Lizard, or it may even be an Iguana Lizard. Now make up your minds which it is. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 110, Sweden.

# The Baron who never told a lie LANDS ON AN ISLE OF CHEESE

ON a voyage I made to Australia the ship was struck by a great storm, which in a few hours destroyed all our sails, splintered our bowsprit, and brought down our topmast. It fell directly upon our compass, which was broken to pieces, and we were at a loss where to steer. At length the storm abated, which was followed by a steady, brisk gale, that carried us at least forty knots for six days, when we began to observe an amazing change in everything about us. Our spirits became light, our noses were regaled with the most aromatic effluvia imaginable: the sea had also changed its complexion, and from green became white!

Soon after these wonderful alterations we saw land, and not at any great distance an inlet which we sailed up near sixty leagues, and found it wide

and deep, flowing with milk of the most delicious taste. Here we landed, and soon found it was an island consisting of one large cheese.

### "Oh! cheese it"

We discovered this by one of the company fainting away as soon as we landed. This man always had an aversion to cheese, and when he recovered he desired the cheese to be taken from under his feet. Upon examination we found him perfectly right, for the whole island, as before observed, was nothing but a cheese of immense magnitude.

Upon this, the inhabitants, who are amazingly numerous, principally sustain themselves, and it grows every night in proportion as it is consumed in the day. Here seemed to be plenty of vines, with bunches of large grapes, which, upon being pressed, yielded nothing but milk.

We saw the inhabitants running races upon the surface of the milk. They were upright, comely figures, nine feet high, have three legs and but one arm.

When they quarrel, they exercise a straight horn, which grows in adults from the centre of their foreheads, with great adroitness. They did not sink at all, but ran and walked upon the surface of the milk, as we do upon a bowling green.

Upon this island of cheese grows great plenty of corn, the ears of which produce loaves of bread, ready made, of a round form like mushrooms. We discovered, in our rambles over this cheese, seventeen other rivers of milk and ten of wine.

After thirty-eight days' journey we arrived on the opposite side to that on which we landed. Here we found some blue mould, as cheese-eaters call it, from whence spring all kinds of rich fruit.

### Fruity

Instead of breeding mites, it produced peaches, nectarines, apricots, and a thousand delicious fruits, which we are not acquainted with.

In these trees, which are of an amazing size, were plenty of birds' nests. Amongst others was a kingfisher's, of prodigious magnitude, at least twice the circumference of the dome of St. Paul's.

Upon inspection, this nest was made of huge trees curiously joined together. There were upwards of five hundred eggs in this nest, and each of them was as large as four common hogsheds or eight barrels, and we could not only see but hear the young ones chirping within.

Having, with great fatigue, cut open one of these eggs, we let out a young one unfeathered, considerably larger than twenty full-grown vultures.

## JANE



### A high dive

Just as we had given this youngster his liberty the old kingfisher alighted, and seizing our captain, who had been active in breaking the egg, in one of her claws, flew with him above a mile high, and then let him drop into the sea, but not till she had beaten all his teeth out of his mouth with her wings.

Dutchmen generally swim well—he soon joined us, and we retreated to our ship.

On our return we took a different route, and observed many strange objects. We shot two wild oxen, each with one horn, also like the inhabitants, except that it sprouted from between the eyes of these animals. We were afterwards concerned at having destroyed them, as we found, by inquiry, they tamed these creatures and used them as we do horses, to ride upon and draw their carriages. Their flesh, we were informed, is excellent, but useless where people live upon cheese and milk.

### Liars brought to heel

When we had reached within two days' journey of the ship we observed three men hanging to a tall tree by their heels. Upon inquiring the cause of their punishment, I found they had all been travellers, and upon their return home had deceived their friends by describing places they never saw and relating things that never happened: this gave me no concern, as I have ever confined myself to facts.

As soon as we arrived at the ship we unmoored and set sail from this extraordinary country, when, to our astonishment, all the trees upon shore, of which there were a great number, very tall and large, paid their respects to us twice, bowing to exact time, and immediately recovered their former posture, which was quite erect.

### Sea of Wine

After sailing three months we knew not where, being still without compass, we arrived in a sea which appeared to be almost black. Upon tasting it, we found it most excellent wine, and had great difficulty to keep the sailors from getting drunk with it.

However, in a few hours we found ourselves surrounded by whales and other animals of an immense magnitude, one of which appeared to be too large for the eye to form a judgment of. We did not see him till we were close to him.

This monster drew our ship, with all her masts standing and sails bent, by suction into his mouth, between his teeth, which were much larger and taller than the mast of a first-rate man-of-war.

After we had been in his mouth some time he opened it pretty wide, took in an immense quantity of water, and floated our vessel, which was at least 500 tons burthen, into his stomach.

Here we lay as quiet as at anchor in a dead calm. The air, to be sure, was rather warm and very offensive.

### What a mouthful

We found anchors, cables, boats and barges in abundance, and a considerable number of ships, some laden and some not, which this creature had swallowed. Everything was transacted by torchlight; no sun, no moon, no planet, to make observations from.

We were all generally afloat and aground twice a day. Whenever he drank it became high water with us, and when he evacuated we found ourselves aground. Upon a moderate computation, he took in more water at a single draught than is generally to be found in the Lake of Geneva, though that is above thirty miles in circumference.

On the second day of our confinement in these regions of darkness, I ventured at low water, as we called it when the ship was aground, to ramble with the Captain and a few of the other officers, with lights in our hands.

### Quite a Party

We met with people of all nations, to the amount of upwards of ten thousand.

They were going to hold a council how to recover their liberty, some of them having lived in this animal's stomach several years. There were several children here who had never seen the world, their mothers having lain in repeatedly in this warm situation.

Just as the chairman was going to inform us of the business upon which we were assembled, this plaguy fish, becoming thirsty, drank in his usual manner. The water poured in with such impetuosity that we were all obliged to retreat to our respective ships immediately or run the risk of being drowned. Some were obliged to swim for it, and with difficulty saved their lives.

In a few hours after we were more fortunate; we met again just after the monster had evacuated. I was chosen chairman, and the first thing I did was to propose splicing two mainmasts together, and the next time he opened his mouth to be ready to wedge them in, so as to prevent his shutting it. It was unanimously approved.

### Wide-open escape

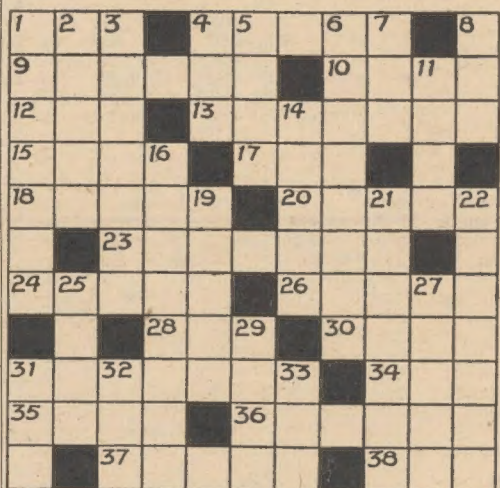
One hundred stout men were chosen upon this service. We had scarcely got our masts properly prepared when an opportunity offered, the monster opened his mouth, immediately the top of the mast was placed against the roof, and the other end pierced his tongue, which

Continued on Page 3.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Opposite forward.
- 4 Stair-rail bends.
- 9 Long-winded.
- 10 Fragrant flower.
- 12 Soft food.
- 13 Arab.
- 15 Vessel brims.
- 17 Sorrowful.
- 18 Permit.
- 20 Creases.
- 23 Heighten.
- 24 Shift.
- 26 Waterside plant.
- 28 Destroy insidiously.
- 30 Parent.
- 31 Over praise.
- 34 Circuit of course.
- 35 Isle of Wight town.
- 36 Indian worker.
- 37 Male bird.
- 38 As well as.



### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Show approval.
- 2 Delicate.
- 3 Fell.
- 4 Bone.
- 5 Middle lines.
- 6 Yields.
- 7 Foreign coin.
- 8 Range of sight.
- 11 Fine cloth.
- 14 Mends.
- 16 Warbler.
- 19 Cereal.
- 21 Mark of sibillance.
- 22 Soaked.
- 25 Unctuous.
- 27 Unit of weight.
- 29 Dry measure.
- 31 Backwards.
- 32 Say further.
- 33 Eggs.

HOLLOW FIFE  
IXIA OPINE  
DEFY VERSES  
INTEGER ILL  
N TONICS O  
GNATS LITRE  
INEPT N I  
MET EAGERLY  
ACHILL MILE  
DEED LOAF L  
E RACY STOP



## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



## Garth



## BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Continued from Page 2.

effectually prevented him from shutting his mouth. As soon as everything in his stomach was afloat, we manned a few boats, who rowed themselves and us into the world. The daylight, after, as near as we could judge, three months' confinement in total darkness, cheered our spirits surprisingly. When we had all taken our leave of this capacious animal, we mus-

tered just a fleet of ninety-five ships, of all nations, who had been in this confined situation. We left the two masts in his mouth, to prevent others being confined in the same horrid gulf of darkness and filth. Our first object was to learn what part of the world we were in. This we were for some time at a loss to ascertain. At last I found, from former observations, that we were in the

Caspian Sea. We pushed to shore, and I was the first who landed.

### What a welcome

Just as I put my foot upon the ground, a large bear leaped upon me with his fore-paws. I caught one in each hand and squeezed him till he cried out most lustily, and in this position I held him till I starved him to death. This was soon accomplished, as I prevented him licking his paws. From hence I travelled up to

St. Petersburg a second time. Here an old friend gave me a most excellent pointer, descended from the famous bitch before mentioned, that littered while she was hunting a hare. I had the misfortune to have him shot soon after by a blundering sportsman, who fired at him instead of a covey of partridges which he had just set.

Of this creature's skin I have had a waistcoat made, which always leads me involuntarily to game if I walk in the fields in the

proper season; and when I come within shot, one of the buttons constantly flies off and lodges upon the spot where the sport is, and as the birds rise, being always primed and cocked, I never miss them. There are now but three buttons left. I shall have a new set sewed on against the shooting season commences.

### What's cookin'?

When a covey of partridges is disturbed in this manner, by the button falling amongst

them, they always rise from the ground in a direct line before each other.

I one day, by forgetting to take my ramrod out of my gun, shot it straight through a leash, as regularly as if the cook had spitted them. I had forgot to put in any shot, and the rod had been made so hot with the powder that the birds were completely roasted by the time I reached home.

Solution to Allied Ports.  
ROSYTH.

## ON BEING KIND TO ANIMALS

By F. W. THOMAS

A FEW weeks ago a pair of meadow pipits built a nest on the buffers of a goods train at Little Wippleton. Three days later the goods train went off to Upper Biggleswick with a cargo of old iron, young iron, green umbrellas and widgets. (If you want a real laugh, ask me what widgets are... All right, all right! Don't be rude.)

Three more days later the train returned to Little Wippleton with nine trucks of holes (for putting in kettle spouts), three trucks of fog dust, and one truck of widgets which had gone bad en route (French for en route).

The pipits were waiting on the down platform, and immediately got busy; the female laying eggs, and the male standing by and saying "Pipit, pipit," to encourage her.

And pipit she did. For when the train left with a consignment of drain pipes for Upper Guntree, there were three new-laid eggs in the nest, with Mrs. Pipit sitting on them as hard as she could sit.

Thanks to the influence of Miss Amelia Pringle, a local bird lover, the engine driver had official instructions not to start with a jerk, stop with a bump, or run into anything hard, lest he should disturb the peregrinating poultry; and in due course the little pipits poked their way into the world, and started saying "Pipit" on their own account.

### DADDY PIPIT REMEMBERED.

For three weeks those dear little birds barged about the countryside, with a cargo of Derby Brights for Marrowby Magna, a consignment of cough lozenges for Muggleton Junction, or a load of kettle holders for Bugwash-in-the-Bog.

And every time they came back to Little Wippleton, there was Mr. Pipit, sitting on a telegraph wire, with an earwig in his mouth, saying "Pipit, Pipit," and looking as pleased as a dog with two tails and both wagging.

Think it over... Could YOU say "Pipit, pipit," with an earwig in your mouth, while sitting on a telegraph wire? I doubt it. And yet there are people who will tell you that the lower orders have no brains. Nonsense!

Take Trindle's dog, if you want another example. Trindle bought this dog when it was a pup, a guaranteed Alsatian; price five bob and an old pair of trousers. But the pup grew and grew, until Trindle began to wonder if he hadn't bought a horse by mistake.

### BUNGO TRUE TO TYPE.

It was a doggy friend who reassured him. Bungo, he said, was not an Alsatian. Nor was he a horse. Bungo was a sure enough Newfoundland. So Trindle moved into larger premises, and Bungo went on growing.

In spite of the fact that he had been sold a pup, Trindle grew quite fond of Bungo, and that affection was reciprocated. There was only one snag.

When Trindle went for his annual holiday he took Bungo with him. That was a mistake. For two years Trindle had treated his dog as an Alsatian, teaching it to bite burglars, tax collectors, and other household pests. But once he got to the seaside, all the natural life-saving instincts of a Newfoundland returned to Bungo.

Every time poor Trindle tried to bathe, his faithful hound would dash into the waves and rescue him by the seat of his little pink pants. Eleven times in a fortnight Trindle was snatched from a watery grave by his attentive hound; after which he had to buy a new pair of bathing shorts: a special kind with a tin seat.

Moreover, on three occasions the dog Bungo plunged into the ocean and rescued Channel swimmers who had only just started. They were frightfully annoyed about it, and called Trindle lots of most unpleasant names.

How the whatsname, they asked, could anybody swim the Channel with a so-and-so dog like Bungo on the premises? And Trindle didn't know the answer.

The climax came when Bungo rescued the Mayor of Winkleton, who was opening a new swimming pool by taking the first plunge. The Mayor's bathing costume was not a really good one, and when Bungo got hold of it the lower storey split in a vital spot. And the poor Mayor had to stay under water until somebody brought him an umbrella.

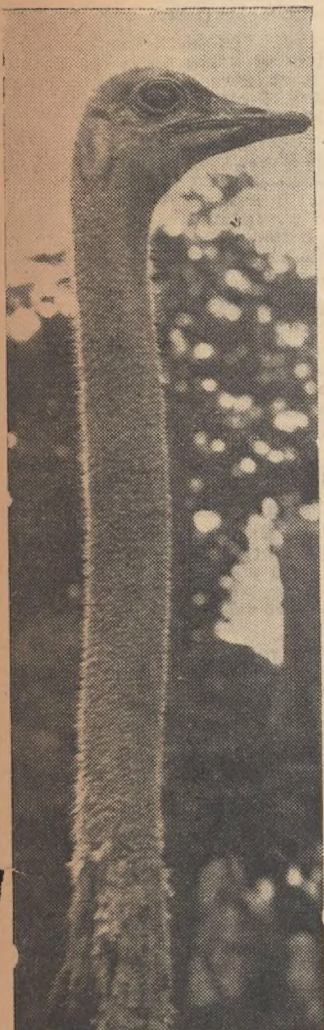
So Trindle got rid of Bungo and bought a goldfish with the money. Goldfish seldom rescue people from drowning.



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

**YOU  
HAVE A  
NECK!!**



# THE CONSPIRATORS

"Gosh! What a place to explore! Bet there's fun a-plenty. Let's get going, chaps."

"You stay here with me. I've already chosen our spot. Let them go where they like."

"He travels fastest who travels alone. I'm off!"



"Ah! Just let me touch you, you lovely baby. I was like you once, you know; but I soon grew up, I did — and so will you. . . . Ah! Ah!"

**BRR RRRR!**



**SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Higher please."



Is the water cold, or do these pebbles tickle? The cause doesn't matter much — the effect is excellent.



***This England***

A harvesting scene in the South of England.